

**THE ADVERTISER.**  
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W. W. BALL, Proprietor.  
LAURENS, S. C., April 29, 1908.

**BROTHER BOB'S  
"FOOT IN IT."  
He Freely Acknowledges  
Himself Guilty.  
A PHARMACY LESSON.  
He Gets an Atlanta  
Catalogue.**

**Will General Jones Do?**  
Governor Heyward has appointed General Wylie Jones of Columbia a member of the state whiskey board of control to fill the unexpired term of the late Director Dukes.  
General Jones is a banker, a man of means, a Reformer and a Democrat. He stands high in the business and social circles of Columbia and the state. His friends are numerous. His reputation for business sagacity is first rate. He has accepted the position with the understanding that he will not be a candidate for reelection.

Some Pertinent Remarks Concerning Fame—A "Benjamin's Pharmacy"  
—Rescuing a Drowning Man.  
EDITOR, THE ADVERTISER, SIR—  
Few things so irritate me as to be gullible or disappointed when I mean business. When I saw that advertisement of an Atlanta Pharmacy in the Southern Cultivator giving the prices of a few well known preparations which were only about half what we have to pay for the same articles here I thought I had found it. This same ad stated that on application a catalogue containing prices on everything to be had in a drug store would be sent. At the prices quoted in the ad, on such things as B. B. B., etc. it was plain enough to see that when we secured the catalogue we could select anything we wanted and get it at nearly half price. Of course we had found it. You see I was wanting some bronchitis medicine, such as Dr. King's New Discovery and the Madam was wanting some tonic and toilet preparations, so we hastened to apply for the catalogue. After impatiently waiting and watching the mails for a few days the catalogue came. And what do you think? It was nothing but a liquor catalogue from start to finish. Not a bottle of bronchitis medicine, not a tonic, not an article of toiletery in the entire get-up—just liquor—a regular smasher. Why I haven't been so grossly insulted in 20 years—no since that time I found a fellow stuck with his wagon in a creek way back in the early eighties when we used to do our hauling from Greenville. I took my team loose, waded in and pulled the fellow out. He was a long way from home, it was cold and muddy, and he naturally was devoutly grateful. To give tangible expression to his gratitude he pulled out a flask and offered me a draught. Of course I didn't, I never do. But now think of it, a man of my age, a total abstainer and profi for more than a quarter of a century, fighting whiskey, writing, speaking, running and sacrificing my political pre in facing all odds, charging and ripping up supple to learn the people some sense, down liquor and emancipate humanity from the steel-grip clutches of a thralldom than which there is none worse—think, I say of a man like this getting a whiskey catalogue from an Atlanta pharmacy! It's a shame, an outrage. I quote passages from the little book:

**Scrapping in Clinton.**  
Some months ago THE ADVERTISER ventured the suggestion that one of the newspapers of Clinton (the which not named) was a "wart." The suggestion should not have been made. The language was too strong. We should have said "excrecence." Nevertheless, we learn from each of last week's Clinton papers that the other is—if not a wart, words to that effect. Why should not birds in their little nests agree?  
The Gazette, which is most positively a fine paper, says that the Clinton Chamber of Commerce should be named less pretentiously. The Chronicle, an equally fine paper, seems to like the name, for which it is in no wise responsible.  
At any rate, the people of Clinton show hard sense in having an active business club. It will help Clinton. What it is called will not count.  
Clinton is the best business town in this county except Laurens, which is no better, and the business men of Clinton will have an organization which will make a name for itself.  
Meanwhile, The Gazette and the Chronicle are doing most damaging scrapping. Everybody, who is so inclined, should subscribe to the Gazette and The Chronicle.

**"As to Appearances."**  
What kind of othes do you wear? The advice of "Old Gorgan," under the title "As to Appearances" printed elsewhere in this paper, contains sound advice on this subject. A locomotive fireman cannot reasonably wear white linen trousers while at work, neither can a farmer boy while ploughing in cotton. A salesman, however, is expected to be neat in appearance all the time. It is part of his business to dress neatly. Unquestionably, appearances count largely in the world and the young man who, seeking his fortune, puts the best price on himself, brings the best price from those who are hiring men. A well curried and well rubbed horse will sell for \$25. in the hundred more than the animal's match which has had no attention. The same applies to men.  
Old Gorgan's advice to boys, also in this issue, is well worth reading and remembering.

**vindicating State's Rights.**  
The attention of the Charleston News and Courier, the foremost of militant champions of state sovereignty, is called to the fact that the state of Indiana is so independent and sovereign that the state of Kentucky, across the Ohio river, cannot obtain from it the person of a fugitive from justice, one Taylor, former governor of Kentucky, against whom a strong prima facie case of murder has been made out. In this assertion of state's rights the whole Republican party of this country is sustaining Indiana. Of aiding and abetting in the detection and punishment of the assassins of Governor Goebel the state of Indiana at least will never be suspected.

**Constables Punished.**  
Constable Howie was suspended ten days because he raided the house of a respectable widow woman in Charleston, searching for blind tiger whiskey. Chief Constable Hammett was delicately reprimanded for issuing the order.  
Orders or no orders, mistake or no mistake, the raiding of a respectable and unprotected woman's house by dispensary or other constables would have raised Old Harry in Laurens.

**A GREAT SENSATION.**  
There was a big sensation in Leesville, Ind., when W. H. Brown of that place, who was expected to die, had his life saved by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. He writes: "I endured insupportable agonies from Asthma, but your New Discovery gave me immediate relief and soon thereafter effected a complete cure." Similar cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Grip are numerous. It's the peerless remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50 cents, and \$1.00. Guaranteed by The Laurens Drug Co. and Palmist Drug Co. Trial bottles free.

**Wines, Whiskies, Brandy and Beers.**  
Second page leaf: "Fourteen years in the whiskey business, catering to the wants of the retail trade, teaches many things."  
"The benefits of this teachings we give you in this catalogue."  
"We want to secure your patronage and retain it from year to year, and we recognize that our pleasing you is the only way for us to secure your permanent patronage."  
"Lack-a-day! Shall I sue for slander or prosecute for assault and battery with intent to kill with malice aforethought? You are a lawyer; I leave the matter in your hands. I feel that I need protection. I don't know that I have had a drop of whiskey in my house in ten years. We don't need our business. Sakes-alive! When will a man attain to national repute at this rate? Twenty odd years fighting with tongue and pen and yet unknown a hundred or more miles away in a city like Atlanta! I'm disconcerted, confounded, sick, (Take out the comma if you like it, but that way.)  
Moreover, howsoever, notwithstanding and nevertheless, a new light has been thrown on the term "pharmacy." I never before knew what a pharmacy was. I thought it was a place where they kept quinine, calomel, rhubarb, King's New Discovery, Cuban bitters, hair balsam, jalepe, cinnamon bark, coon root, I find it's only a 3 X concern. But what is a South Carolinian that he has to send over the line into Georgia to get whiskey when South Carolina has a Benjamin's Pharmacy in every reach of every citizen, with all the old and ripe and chemically pure? I'm lost. Can you give me directions to Benjamin's Pharmacy at Laurens? I see you have a permanent pharmacist appointed. I would like to enquire if he keeps a full line of pharmacology on hand?"  
Yours with His Foot in It,  
BROTHER BOB

**Cures Cancer and Blood Poison.**  
If you have blood poison producing eruptions, pimples, ulcers, swollen glands, warts and rashes, burning itching skin, copper-colored spots or rash on the skin, mucus patches in mouth or throat, falling hair, bone pain, rheumatism, improves the digestion, makes the blood pure and rich, stops the awful itching and all sharp, shooting pains. Thoroughly tested for thirty years. Druggists, 10 per glass bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medicine also sent in sealed letter. Sold in Laurens by B. F. Posey.

**Test One Sack.**  
Of "Oilton" flour and you will find it makes more bread, better bread, and gives better satisfaction than any flour you can buy.  
T. N. Barksdale, M. H. Fowler.

**WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER**  
Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth.  
By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]  
Copyright, 1888 and 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

CHAPTER V.  
AN HONOR AND AN ENEMY.  
A DAY or two after this Brandon was commanded to an audience and presented to the king and queen. He was now eligible to all palace entertainments and would probably have many invitations, being a favorite with both their majesties. As to his standing with Mary, who was the most important figure exactly about the court, I could not exactly say. She was such a mixture of contradictory impulses and rapid transitions, and was so full of whims and caprice, the inevitable outgrowth of her blood, her rank and the education amid which she had always lived, that it could not be predicted for a day ahead her attitude toward any one. She had never shown so great favor to any man as to Brandon, but just how much of her condescension was a mere whim, growing out of the impulse of the moment and subject to reaction, I could not tell. I believed, however, that Brandon looked upon a firmer foundation with this changing, shifting quicksand of a girl than with other of their majesties.

In fact, I thought he rested upon her heart itself. But to guess correctly what a girl of that sort will do or think or feel would require inspiration.  
Of course most of the entertainments given by the king and queen included as guests members of the court, but Mary often had little fetes and dancing parties which were smaller, more select and informal. These parties were really with the consent and encouragement of the king, to avoid the responsibility of not inviting everybody. The larger affairs were very dull, and the smaller ones, while they were new to those who were left out. The latter, therefore, were turned over to Mary, who cared very little who was offended or who was not, and invitations to them were highly valued.  
One afternoon a day or two after Brandon's presentation a message arrived from Mary notifying him that she would have a little fete that evening in one of the smaller halls and desiring him to be there as master of the dance. Accompanying the message was a note from no less a person than the princess herself, inviting Brandon.

This was an honor indeed—an autograph invitation from the hand of Mary! But the matter did not seem to consider it anything unusual, and when I handed him the note upon his return from the hunt he simply read it carelessly over once, tore it in pieces and tossed it away. I believe the Duke of Buckingham would have given 10,000 crowns to receive such a note. And the duke was not wrong in this regard. It had indeed been an honor to be had often received warm treatment, but clung to the girl's skirts all the more tenaciously. Turning to Brandon, the princess said:  
"Master Brandon, I am glad to see you, and regret exceedingly that our friend of Buckingham should so thirst for your blood." She then led him to the king and queen, to whom he made his bow, and the pair continued their walk about the room. Mary again asked for a great smash at the door and said laughingly:  
"I would have come to your help, but I knew you were amply able to take care of yourself. I was sure you would worst the duke in some way. It was better than a nummery, and I was glad to see it. I do not like him."  
The king did not open these private balls as he was supposed at least not to be their patron, and the queen, who was considerably older than Henry, was averse to such things. So the princess opened her own balls, dancing for a few minutes, with the floor entirely to herself and partner. It was the honor of the evening to open the ball with her, and she was the first to step out herself in her way and stood so as to be easily observed and, perchance, chosen. Brandon after leaving Mary had drifted into a corner of the room back of a group of people and was talking to Wolsley—who was always very friendly to him—and to Massey; Cavendish, a quaint, quiet, easy little man, full of learning and kindness, and a warm friend to the Princess Mary.

It was time to open the ball, and from my place in the musicians' gallery I could see Mary moving about among the guests, evidently looking for a partner, while the men resorted to some very transparent and amusing expedient to attract her attention. The princess, however, took none of the bidders, and soon, I noticed, she espied Brandon standing in the corner with his back toward her.  
"Something told me she was going to ask him to open the dance, and I regretted it, because I knew it would set every nobleman in the house against him," said Massey, who was not a "lowborn favorite," as they called the untitled friends of royalty. "Sure enough, I was right. Mary at once began to make her way over to the corner, and I heard her say, 'Master Brandon, will you dance with me?'  
It was done prettily. The whole girl changed as soon as she found herself in front of him. Her eyes brightened, her confidence, strongly tinged with arrogance, was almost shy, and blushed, she impatiently threw to the floor again and went over to the window bench, where she threw herself down to pout. In the course of five minutes she turned her head for one fleeting instant and looked at the note, and then, after a long hesitation, she stepped over to where she had thrown it and picked it up. Going back to the light at the window she held it in her hand a moment and then read it once, twice, thrice. The third time brought the smile, and the note nestled in the bosom again.  
"Jane do not come off so well, for her mistress did not speak to her until she called her in that evening to make her toilet. By that time Mary had forgotten about the note in her bosom; so when Jane began to array her for the dance it fell to the floor, whereupon both girls broke into a laugh, and Jane bled Mary's bare shoulder, and Mary kissed the top of Jane's head, and they were friends again."  
So Brandon accepted Mary's invitation and went to Mary's dance, but his going made for him an enemy of the most powerful nobleman in the realm, and this was the way of it:  
"These parties of Mary's had been going on once or twice a week during the entire winter and spring, and usually included the same persons. It was a sort of coterie, whose members were more or less congenial and most of them very jealous of interlopers. Strangers as they were, uninvited persons often attempted to force themselves in, and all sorts of schemes and maneuvers were adopted to gain admission. To prevent this two guardsmen with halberds were stationed at the door. Modesty, I might say, neither thrives nor is useful at court.  
When Brandon presented himself at the door, his entrance was barred, but

that they stop before we are through." "The queen answered for me in a high voiced Spanish accent; 'I ordered the music stopped. I will not permit such an indecent exhibition to go on longer.' "Fire sprang to Mary's eyes and she exclaimed: "If your majesty does not like the way we do and dance at my balls, you may rest as soon as you see fit. Your face is a kill-mirth anyway." "It never took long to rouse her ladyship.  
The queen turned to Henry, who was laughing, and angrily demanded: "Will your majesty permit me to be thus insulted in your very presence?" "You got yourself into it. Get out of it as best you can. I have often told you to let her alone. She has sharp claws." "The king was really tired of Catherine's sour frown before he married her. It was her dower of Spanish gold that brought her a second Tudor husband.  
"I shall not have what music and dancing I want at my own balls," asked the princess.  
"That you shall, sister mine; that you shall," answered the king. "Go on, master, and if the girl likes to dance that way, in God's name let her have her wish. It will never hurt her. We will learn it ourself, and will wear the ladies out dancing."  
After Mary had finished the opening dance there was a great demand for instruction. The king asked Brandon to teach him the steps, which he soon learned to perform with a grace perhaps equalled by no living creature other than a fat brown bear. The ladies were at first a little shy and inclined to stick their heads behind them, but as they saw the rascal and the others soon followed. I had taken a fiddler to my room and had learned the dance from Brandon and was able to teach it also, though I lacked practice to make my step perfect. The princess had needed no practice, but had danced beautifully from the first, her strong young limbs and supple body taking a naturally to anything requiring grace of movement as a cygnet to water.

This, thought I, is my opportunity to teach Jane the new dance. I wanted to go for her first, but was afraid, or for some reason did not, and took several other ladies as they came. After I had shown the step to them I sought out my sweetheart, Jane, who was not a prude, but I honestly believe she was the most provoking girl that ever lived. I never had succeeded in holding her hand even the smallest part of an instant, and yet I was sure she liked me very much—almost sure she loved me. She feared I might unhinge it and carry it away, or something of that sort, I suppose. When I went up and asked her to let me teach her the new dance, she said:  
"I thank you, Edwin, but there are others who are more anxious to learn than I, and you had better teach them first."  
"But I want to teach you. When I wish to teach them I will go to them." "You did go to several others before you thought of coming to me," answered Jane, pretending to be piqued. Now, that was the unkindest thing I ever knew a girl to do—refuse me what she knew I so wanted and then put the refusal on the pretended ground that I did not care much about it. I so told her, and she went back to her room, too far and that I was growing angry in earnest. She then made another false though somewhat flattering excuse:  
"I could not bear to go through that dance before so large a company. I should not object so much if you could not get on without me, but Edwin, 'Edwin!' Oh, so soft and sweet! The little jade! To think that she could hoodwink me so easily and talk me into a good humer with her soft, purring 'Edwin!' I saw through it all quickly enough and left her without another word. In a few minutes she went into my sitting room where I knew she was alone. The door was open, and the music could be heard there, so I followed.  
"My lady, there is no one to see us here. I can teach you now, if you wish," said I.  
She saw she was cornered, and replied, with a toss of her saucy little head, "But what if I do not wish?"  
Now, this was more than I could endure with patience, so I answered, "My young lady, you shall ask me before I teach you."  
"There are others who can dance it much better than you," she returned, without looking at me.  
"If you allow another to teach you that dance," I responded, "you will have seen the last of me." She had made me angry, and I did not speak to her for more than a week. When I did—but I will tell you of that later on.  
The evening was devoted to learning the new dance, and I saw Mary busily engaged imparting information among the ladies. As I was about to disperse I heard her say to Brandon:  
"You have greatly pleased the king by bringing him a new amusement. He asked me where I learned it, and I told him I had taught it to Cascoaden and that I had it from him. I told Cascoaden so that he can tell the same story."  
"Oh, but that is not true. Don't you think you should have told him the truth or have evaded it in some way?" asked Brandon, who was really a great lover of the truth, "when possible," but who, I fear, on this occasion wished to appear more truthful than he really was. If a man is to a woman's

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**MONEY TO LEND**  
ON  
**Schlitze Means**  
The best materials—the best that money can buy.  
A brewery as clean as your kitchen; the utensils as clean.  
The cooling done in filtered air, in a plate glass room.  
The beer aged for months, until thoroughly fermented, so it will not cause biliousness.  
The beer filtered, then sterilized in the bottle.  
You're always welcome to the brewery for the owners are proud of it.  
And the size of it proves that people know the worth of  
**Schlitz**  
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous  
Ask for the Shamrock Bottling.  
It is by a direct line. My life here is no worse than yours. But I did not stop to argue about such matters. There is something else I wish to say. I want to tell you that you have greatly pleased the king with the new dance. Now teach him 'honor and ruff' and your fortune is made. He has had some Jews and Lombards in of late to teach him new games at cards, but yours is worth all of them." Then, somewhat hastily and irrelevantly, "I did not dance the new dance with any other gentleman, but I suppose you did not notice it," and she was gone before he could thank her.

**Mules and Horses.**  
The undersigned under the name of Barksdale, Franks & Irby will deal in mules and horses at Laurens. Stock will be kept at Ed Martin's Stable, rear of Enterprise Barn.  
We have received a carload of fine Kentucky mules and also have a number of good horses on hand. We invite the patronage of the people of Laurens County.  
T. N. BARKSDALE, JNO. A. FRANKS, W. C. IRBY.

**Geo. Johnstone, R. H. Welch, A. C. Todd, Johnson, Welch & Todd, LA WYERS.**  
Will Practice in all Courts, State and Federal, Office, Law Range.  
Money to Loan at reasonable interest.  
LAURENS, S. C.

**NEW Restaurant Opened.**  
I have opened a Restaurant in the Babb Building for WHITE PEOPLE EXCLUSIVELY. Prompt and First-class service assured. Meals, 25 cents at Restaurant or sent to offices. Fresh Oysters on hand.  
HARRISON HUNTER, on Harper Street.

**W. B. KNIGHT, R. E. BABB, KNIGHT & BABB, Attorneys at Law.**  
Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts. Strict attention to all business intrusted to them.  
Office upstairs, Simmons' Building.  
April 8 1908—6t.

**State of South Carolina, COUNTY OF LAURENS, Court of Common Pleas.**  
S. W. Simpson, Plaintiff, against Dave Simpson, Y. A. Simpson, Emma James, Othella Davenport, Lillian Cunningham, Early Cunningham, Maxey Cunningham and J. M. Simpson Individually and as Administrator of Sonny Simpson and J. F. Hicks, Defendants.  
To the Defendants above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for said County, on August 9th 1902, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned at his office at Laurens, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.  
Dated August 9th 1902.  
P. D. MCGOWAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.  
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**Land and Houses.**  
**Piedmont Savings and Investment Company,**  
OF GREENVILLE, S. C.  
Represented in Laurens by  
W. W. BALL and M. L. COPELAND.

**J. N. LEAK, Auctioneer,**  
Offers his services to the people of Laurens County.  
Address: GRAY COURT, S. C.

**Dr. W. H. DIAL,**  
No. 110 W. Main St.  
Special Attention Given Women and Children.  
Office hours in the city from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Phone—Residence No. 41 Office No. 89.

**THE KYLE HAY PRESS**  
Farmers take care of what you make. There is as much in saving as there is in making, and if you bale your hay, fodder, oats, stubs etc., at the proper time you not only save room and time, but you save 33 per cent of the nutritious matter that evaporates when it is not baled. The  
**Kyle Hay Press**  
fills a long felt want, with farmers. It is the best yet made. The opinion seems to be unanimous that the KYLE HAY PRESS is unexcelled by any press on the market. It is going to the front, already a great number of them have been sold, you only need to try it to be pleased. It is easy operated by 2 men and 1 horse. It is cheap, durable, simple in construction and easily moved. It is the only press that can be made or repaired on the farm, it has no casting to break and cause long delay. No other press has this advantage. It is the only press that the farmer can afford to buy. It pays for itself out of the first crop. Every farmer can own his own press, and bale his hay at the proper time.  
A. L. HUDGENS, Laurens, S. C.

**A NEW LAW FIRM.**  
The undersigned have this day entered into a partnership for the practice of law in the Courts of this State, under the name of Simpson & Cooper and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to them.  
H. Y. SIMPSON, R. A. COOPER.

**FLORODORA OR HYBRID COTTON**  
**PRIZES ALMOST DOUBLED.**  
\$1,000 IN CASH TO BE AWARDED  
Seed Now Within Reach of Every Farmer.—Order To-day.

Don't miss this opportunity! Fortune (opportunity) is wondrous shy—it comes not often. As you read this, however, it approaches. Seize it! Welcome it! Its name is "FLORODORA." A Hybrid or Extra Staple Cotton, worth 12 to 14 cents per pound.

"Florodora" is a cross between an extra staple cotton and an ordinary prolific variety, in which productiveness and character is 13 to 21 inch staple are fixed, no deterioration having occurred, though years have elapsed since its introduction into the Courts of this State, under the name of "Edwin" and "George W. Kelley of Swainsboro, Ga., though using only 200 pounds of fertilizer per acre on ordinary soils have secured not over two-thirds of a stand, produced a heavy bale per acre, selling the lot in Swainsboro at 12 1/2 cents per pound and a cotton export of Harnden, Ga. says my cotton is all I claim for it. It is worth 12 to 14 cents per pound and any man with half sense can make as much of it on an acre of land as can any other kind of cotton. T. F. Hunnicutt, manager of The Southern Cultivator, has seen reports from farmers of very satisfactory yields and 13 to 14 cents per pound and announces the seed cotton sample sent him by me the first he has ever seen grown on upland. This cotton differs in no essential from an ordinary extra staple cotton, being adapted to every cotton area, most flattering reports coming from upland, South Carolina and Georgia. Areas north of Chattanooga, Tenn., being adapted to it. Lint covers the seed, being pure cotton, common sown sows for short staple being used successfully for ginning it. I gin this cotton on an ordinary speed to not over five bales per day in order not to injure the seed. Do likewise.  
Cotton of early maturity—plant any time in April or May—paying crop coming common after oats in June. It is not only very prolific, but of early maturity, paying crop being commonly planted after oats in June. Why do I plant this cotton to the exclusion of all other varieties, though farming in the heart of the short staple belt? I never made more with any other variety, which being long of staple an independent market is open to it, being gathered. Why are you planting common cotton? You have fallen in a rut and cannot see beyond its edges; then the New York and Liverpool speculators—the makers of prices, who live by raising or lowering it at will—tell you cotton is scarce, acreage reduced, less fertilizer bought, cotton will bring 10 cents next fall. What are the facts? Don't be fooled by any other period in the history of the world; never before and never after, sales of commercial fertilizers surpassed. Look out for 5 cents cotton! Did you ever get that price when everything pointed to 10 cents? No, you got 3 1/2 cents, and so I did. I and I bestirred myself then for a substitute and found it in "Florodora."  
For most heavily fruited stalk, \$40; second best stalk, \$75; third best, \$20; fourth best, \$5. For best one-pound sample of "Florodora" lint, \$50; second best sample of lint, \$25; third best, \$25; fourth, \$5. As it is the opinion that the productive capacity of this cotton is almost limitless, three to five bales per acre being possible, following an intensive system of farming, an additional prize of \$400 in cash will be given for the greatest yield of seed cotton on one acre to be determined as follows: An acre planted 4 feet by 2 feet will give 5612 stalks per acre. Every cotton sown on one acre to give 100 stalks per acre, more cotton in eight than the same amount last year; sales of commercial fertilizers surpassed. Look out for 5 cents cotton! Did you ever get that price when everything pointed to 10 cents? No, you got 3 1/2 cents, and so I did. I and I bestirred myself then for a substitute and found it in "Florodora."  
Every contestant must buy at least one bushel of seed and will be permitted to enter for every price. Unpicked stalks only will be accepted, as picked cannot be distinguished from an ordinary prolific variety. Detached bolls will not be counted. Five stalks in one package with four samples of lint well packed and tagged for the \$400 contest for largest yield per acre, must be shipped, prepaid by express or freight to arrive at Allendale, S. C., not later than December 1, 1903.  
It is this cotton is what I claim for it, it behooves every farmer in the cotton belt to prove it by correspondence. If it is not, it is equally imperative to disprove and brand it as a fraud.  
Mary contestants are suspicious; they "reminding for" the contest a vein of uneasiness is evident in their letters. Therefore in order to guarantee to every one perfect fairness, I shall allow free transportation with accommodation, and devote the responsibility for an honest awarding of prizes.  
One bushel of this cotton carefully planted should cover four acres, which treated intensively should yield a possible 8-bale crop, returning more than twice as much as any one farmer's entire crop for another year.  
Southern Cultivator of Atlanta, Ga., has consented to hold the money and name committee to decide contest.  
**PRICE OF SEED.**

**1-Bushel Lots, f. o. b. Allendale, S. C., \$2.00 per bu. 50 bu. lots, f. o. b. Allendale, S. C., \$1.50 per bu.**  
Cash must accompany all orders. Remittance to be made by registered money letter, postoffice money order, express order or certified check.  
**L. A. STONEY, Allendale, S. C.**  
REFERENCES:  
G. Walter Melver, manager Fertilizer Company, Charleston, S. C.; J. E. Foster, salesman Fertilizer Company, Charleston, S. C.; L. W. Haskell, vice president Southern Oil Company, 11 Broadway, New York; C. Fitzsimmons, general manager Southern Oil Company, Columbus, S. C.; J. L. Oswald, merchant, Allendale, S. C.; E. H. Oswald, hotel proprietor, Allendale, S. C.; C. B. Farmer, banker, Allendale, S. C.; O. C. F. Calhoun, president Bank of Newell, S. C.; C. D. Jordan, assistant manager Oil Company, Savannah, Ga.; T. F. Hunnicutt, manager Southern Cultivator, Atlanta, Ga.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
**Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.**  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. H. Little*  
Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box. 25c.